

AUTO HAD REVENGE

GOT GLORIOUSLY EVEN WITH CAR THAT WRECKED IT.

Amor Closely Resembling a Duel to the Death of Diversion to Crowd at San Francisco Street Recently.

San Francisco.—An electric car, a rawline runabout, a willing and over zealous enthusiast and a chorus of appreciative street car patrons—these composed the principals, supporting cast and audience which figured in a one act arena spectacle put on without prior announcement in the middle of Sutter street between Pierce and Scott.

The event, which had every element of a tragedy but at the same time was replete with delicate humor which converted it into a comedy, was in the nature of a gladiatorial struggle to the death between electricity and gasoline. As an exhibition of mortal combat it was as equal of the melodramatic thriller of a 10 cent theater, for all concerned got it in the neck in the end.

The automobile—a one cylinder affair—started the trouble, but then, too much should not be said about its faults for the dear departed should not be vilified. Suffice it that the machine rendered paralysis in the middle of the eastbound street car track and what the ministrations of its two occupants were of no avail. Its wheels obstinately refused to go around either in answer to the appeal of its own engine or when urged by the strong arms of its disgruntled passengers. Then the street car came up behind and stopped.

“Was smaller?” sang the motor-man to the accompaniment of a bell with his gong.

“It was a shove,” came the answer. “We’re stuck.”

The motorman was accommodating. He unslung the heavy connection bar used when a well car goes to the assistance of a sick one, and attaching it to the front of the car, braced it to the rear of the street car, hugged the other against the back of the automobile. Then he turned on all the juice.

It was a foul blow. The automobile was looking for a steady shove and it got a slap. The bar flew in the air, the street car gave a bound, there was one resounding crash and a couple of pellets, and the automobile was a subject for the machinery morgue. It had refused to budge even with several hundred volts of Patrick Calhoun’s shocking syrup behind it, and the heavy car made a scrap heap of it. But in its exploding gas the auto gear “back as good as had been given and swept up the score. Its drive chain, wrenched loose from the machinery, whirled out with a hiss of hate, struck fair and true, and for the fraction of a second formed a connection between the motor box of the street car and one of the rails.

“Bang!” Retribution had been received. The car demolished the automobile, but the automobile short circuited the whole Sutter street system in return. And then the passengers got out of the dark, silent car and gazed at its lifeless bulk standing there over the ruin it had wrought. Only one or two of them swore; all the rest sat down on the curb and laughed.

SAYS SPLEEN IS GOOD TO EAT.

Boston Scientist Declares It Will Furnish Good and Cheap Meat.

Boston.—Declaring that red blood corpuscles come from the spleen, and also announcing that he has found that spleens are edible, Dr. Edward Williams, a graduate of Harvard Medical school, believes he has found the means of adding 50,000,000 pounds to the nation’s annual meat supply. Each should mean a saving of \$5,000,000 a year. His discovery, he believes, makes it possible to secure meat at a cost not exceeding 10 cents a pound.

Dr. Williams says spleens are extremely palatable when fresh, and claims to have discovered a method of preserving them for an indefinite length of time. He says they furnish the richest possible food.

While some of the red blood corpuscles are formed in the bone marrow or marrow, Dr. Williams says, the majority of them come from the spleen.

Shingle Party Scared Pastor.

Kittletown, N. Y.—The Rev. Thomas Livingston, pastor of the North Congregational church, received a sound drubbing after prayer meeting from about 50 young men, many of whom were armed with shingles. The young people entered the parsonage and secured themselves. All were armed with shingles, and when their pastor entered he was set upon and a shingle was given him that he will not soon forget. The minister fought off his assailants until it dawned upon him that it was his birthday and he took the drubbing good naturedly.

Here’s Hard-Working Burglar.

Seattle, Wash.—George Everett, alias Burton, alias Munson, the burglar and hotel thief, who was arrested a few weeks ago by Chief of Police Wappenstein, probably holds the world’s record for cracking safes. In one of a few hours in Rockford, Ill., about a year ago, he cracked 14 safes in one building, for which industrious work he owes the state of Illinois 43 years instead of 20.

BOY’S CASE A SAD ONE.

Utter Lack of Self-Control Said to be Due to Fall.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Representatives of church and benevolent organizations in South Pasadena called on Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bailey at their tent house near the ostrich farm to learn what is best for their son Mervin Bailey.

This is the boy with wayward tendencies who has for periods in the past few years been kept chained by the neck at intervals because he could not be controlled by his parents.

The Baileys repeated their statement that they have had Mervin at the Los Angeles detention home and at an institution for defective children in Long Beach. They found, however, that the boy was not benefited.

The only hope for improvement in his condition was held out through an offer of an expert to furnish an attendant of high character who would rear and educate the boy and win his confidence for \$150 a month. This sum is more than the parents can afford to pay.

Mervin has been blamed for a number of neighborhood pranks, from causing grass fires to scaring children and causing chickens and pet animals to disappear, but his mother says proof is usually lacking.

However, to silence neighbors’ tongues she has tried every remedy from whipping to chaining to keep the boy inside of their premises.

Mervin is a bright boy of 9, of whom mental experts say there is hope of a cure provided he is carefully handled.

Because of a fall in early childhood his bump of reverence became flattened and the bump of will was abnormally developed.

This causes him to disregard what other persons tell him and to seize with and carry out with unbreakable determination any fancy which prompts him to commit certain acts.

The case has been talked of before the Merchants’ association and the Humane society of South Pasadena, and committees will endeavor to find some relief for the parents as well as the boy.

MINE LONG ON FIRE

ALL EFFORTS TO QUENCH THE FLAMES FRUITLESS.

Vein of Coal in West Virginia Will Probably Be Left to Burn Itself.

Out-Romantic Story is Attached.

Charleston, W. Va.—On Paint Creek, about 20 miles above this city, near the station at Standard, a coal mine fire is raging—a fire about the origin of which an interesting romance is woven. At night the mountainside is wakened by a weird play of light; by day a column of smoke ascends like a monument. In truth, the mountain is aflame, an unquenchable fire, as those who have already lost \$20,000 in a vain attempt to smother it will testify.

In the late 50s of the last century the Kanawha Coal and Oil company was organized for the purpose of producing oil from canal coal found in the mountains divided by Paint Creek. The vein located was a comparatively thin one, lying in the heart of a thick seam of the luminous coal. The company was busy with its operations when the civil war broke out, but continued at work for some time thereafter.

The superintendent was a blunt old Englishman named Gordon, who had a handsome daughter, Rowena, who was the delight of her father’s heart and the despair of the young men of the neighborhood. There was the usual courting and flirting, with the usual final selection of one man and the inevitable preparations for the wedding. The lucky man was one Adkins, a native of the mountains, a strapping young fellow, who had won the father’s favor as a workman even before he won the daughter’s esteem as a lover. Thus the course of true love seemed to run smooth.

But the war came, and the Paint Creek section was as badly torn by opposing factions as any other small part of the entire country. The natives were of the south, while most of those who had come to work in the mines were union men. Of the latter was a man named Adkins, who was a natural fire-eating son of Dixie.

After several stormy interviews Adkins was forbidden to enter the Gordon home, and Rowena was ordered not to see him. He enlisted in the confederate army and marched out with Wise on his famous retreat up the valley. This was in the spring of 1861. In the autumn he returned home on a furlough and sought to renew amicable relations with the Gordons, but was repulsed by both father and daughter. It is said that in a spirit of revenge he set fire to the drumhouse at the mouth of the mine. The fire was communicated to the rich vein of canal coal inside, and obtaining a good hold, has been burning ever since.

Adkins returned to his regiment and was killed in battle. The Gordons left the country soon after, and their subsequent history is not known here.

That is the romantic version. The prosaic one is that the fire was communicated to the mine by a forest fire that raged furiously in October, 1861. Certain it is that the mine began to burn at that time and has been burning since.

In the late 80s a company was formed by Charleston men to extinguish the fire and re-open the mine, but, after spending \$20,000 in a vain attempt, the enterprise was abandoned. It is probable that the fire will be allowed to burn until the entire vein of coal is consumed.

Often, for years at a time, the fire can not be seen; but there is always something about the locality to bear witness to its presence. Sometimes it is smoke, sometimes steam. In wet weather there is always a vapor rising from above the mine. In winter snow melts as rapidly as it falls on the particular spot, while the ground around it is white. In the spring vegetation appears earlier where the earth is warm from this underlying heat. Of late it has been burning visibly at night, the extent being perhaps 100 yards along the face of the mountain.

Sharks Get Stowaway.

Philadelphia.—When the British steamship Annetta reached here from Jamaica she brought news of a shocking death of William Brown, a stowaway, who had been debarred from landing on the last trip of the vessel to this port. Deported by the immigration officials here, he was on his way back to Kingston and was nearing the shore, when he sought to escape by leaping overboard and swimming to the land.

Hardly had his body struck the water when dark forms were seen rushing toward it below the surface, and in full sight of the horrified crew a dozen sharks surrounded the helpless victim. He called loudly for help, but before assistance could be sent to him the big fish had attacked him and dragged him under the water, where he disappeared forever.

Jamaica punishes stowaways by compelling them to work on the public highways three months, and it was to escape this penalty that Brown made his desperate effort to escape.

Jailed on General Principles.

Richmond, Va.—Police Justice Crutchfield gave Bill Hughes, a negro, one year for carrying concealed deadly weapons, fined him \$20 for relating an offense, and jailed him for a year on general principles—two years in all.

The negro was parading the street, drunk, with his arms around a woman’s neck, and attacked the policeman who abducted him.

FRIEND OF PRESIDENT DEAD.

Lewis F. Self Worked in Shop With Andrew Johnson.

Greenville, Tenn.—At the age of 91 years, with many living children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and one member of the fifth generation surviving, Lewis F. Self is dead.

The passage of this venerable citizen reopens a page of interesting Tennessee history. A lifelong tailor, Mr. Self was a contemporary of President Andrew Johnson and plied his trade for many years at the bench in the president’s tailor shop here.

In years gone by he was a prominent figure in local and state politics, having long served on the county court of his county, and was at one time state senator from this district. He was a prominent Mason and was an elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian church here, of which he was an original organizer more than 60 years ago. He had a remarkable memory, and was full of interesting reminiscences of his distinguished contemporary, friend and employer and other notables of that period.

The last appearance of Mr. Self in public was at the National Tailors’ convention at Nashville a year ago and a half ago, where he was the guest of honor and the most conspicuous visitor. He had on exhibition these recent samples of his handiwork that were considered splendid examples of skilled labor in the tailoring art.

He never ceased to speak with grateful appreciation of the many attentions and courtesies shown him on that occasion.

STIRRED UP NEW YORKERS.

Veteran Drove “Prairie Schooner” With Oxen Through City Streets.

New York.—A team of oxen drawing a “prairie schooner” the driver of which was a rugged looking old man who wore typical western garb, including a sombrero, attracted great crowds on Broadway.

The vehicle and driver were not only in striking contrast with the jam of automobiles and carriages on the “Great White Way,” but they were a decidedly novelty in New York.

The driver was Ezra Meeker, a pioneer of the Oregon trail, who had returned over the trail he followed to the west half a century ago. All along Riverside, from Grant’s tomb to Seventh-street, Meeker was followed by an interested and curious throng.

When Broadway was reached the crowd was so dense that the oxen, which the hale old man afterward described as Dave and Dandy, had a hard time to make any headway. Meeker’s trip ended at last at the Battery. He had come all the way from Puyallup, Wash., to New York in 625 days.

Meeker’s object in making his unique journey is to persuade the government to build a national highway from east to west.

WANTS “CHRISTIAN” SALOON.

Ohio Man Makes Peculiar Request of Toledo License Board.

Toledo, O.—“I want some information about getting a license to run a Christian saloon.”

Wearing blue overalls, a flowing beard and a harvest field hat, the author of this strange request walked into the office of Revenue Collector McMacken. I have my own idea about this here saloon business,” he continued. “In Antwerp, O., where I live, many men do not like to enter a public saloon. They want a quiet place, where fellows do not curse. My idea is that a place suitable for such fellows would be a paying investment. I would keep a clean, neat, quiet place, and there would be no bar—just tables, with reading matter on them.”

“A sort of clubroom?” observed the collector.

“Yes; I want to see if I would have to have a regular license to conduct such a place.”

The man was told that he would have to have the same license issued to men who do not conduct Christian saloons. The applicant was Edward Munsey, a wealthy churchman of Antwerp.

Town Objects to Barroom.

Greenburg, Pa.—Cavittville has not had a tavern for 100 years. The citizens are aroused over the proposed erection of a hotel, as a license will be asked for. The villagers, after signing a remonstrance to the Westmoreland county court, issued the statement, which follows through the town spokesman:

“The Pennsylvania railroad does not think us important enough to stop a train here. There are not enough travelers here to support a barroom. If any of us have a thirst and the price of caffeine, ten cents, we can go to Trafford City, two miles distant, and get full. If a man hasn’t the car fare, he’s got no business with a thirst.”

Hive of Bees in Church Steeple.

Colchester, Conn.—For many months the attendance at the Methodist church has fallen from Sunday to Sunday, on account of the attacks of bees. The bees were of the busy order and evinced a prodigious fondness for the hats of women worshippers. Every time a hat was fooled somebody was stung. Finally it was discovered that there was a wild bee hive in the church steeple. Two bee men crawled to the lofty hive and smoked out the bees. They obtained a hundred pounds of honey. The town at large took a day off to watch the perilous feat.

HIS SHEEK FOOLISH.

FRENCHMAN CRITICIZES BEAUTY OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

Gives First Rank in Feminine Loveliness to Italian and English Women—Unopposed by the Facts.

London.—American beauty is the subject of a lively tilt in the columns of the Standard. Maasson Forestier, as a Frenchman, set himself up as an impartial judge and gave the English girls all the best of it to the extent of a column or so. He declared that beautiful women are invariably inspired by beautiful pictures. In this respect the world’s admiration is divided between the fair Italians, who inspired the Titian type, and the lovely English women of the Romney type, and the much vaunted American girl, who, on the other hand, has inspired no masterpieces.

“Both beautiful Italians and beautiful English women,” said Forestier, “hold first rank as representative of feminine loveliness, but as for American women, when they have proved their claims before the great painters and sculptors, it will be time to talk of their sovereign beauty.”

Maasson Forestier concluded by quoting the old theory of the German savant who declared that Americans are reverting to the aquat and yellowish Indian type.

“American women,” he concluded, “adore the beads and glitter of jewelry. They like to wear quantities of feathers on their heads and they load their fingers with rings.”

It was Penrhyn Stanilaw, the well known black and white artist, who gallantly leaped to the rescue. He admits the truth in the ring and feather indictment, however.

“Yet,” he writes, “I’ve never known one to permit her craving to get such a hold on her as to appear in a large plumed hat and walking skirt, as does the Parisienne, nor have I seen her wear a picture hat when cycling, as does her English cousin. She also buys her jewelry in Paris.”

Maasson Forestier argues that if Americans are beautiful then they would be good American painters who would put that beauty on canvas, as did the painters during the Renaissance and Reynolds school. Are we then to understand that at all other times beautiful women are extinct except when the modern American portrait painter depicts the beauty on his canvas? French painters are continually on the lookout for American sisters, but, to use Maasson Forestier’s own argument, are not more prone to Gibson’s American girls sold in England than all English illustrators combined?

Maasson Forestier believes, being a Frenchman, he is better able to judge the various merits of English and American women than the two nations themselves. The French are an artistic people but so are the Japanese. Does he believe himself to be a better judge of Japanese beauty than the Japanese?

BOXER HEROINE A PRODIGY.

Sixteen-Year-Old Girl Missionary Cap Livalta Audiences.

Vineland, N. J.—Miss Ruth Ingram of China, who has been visiting her grandfather, Robert Ingram, and charming Vineland audiences with her experiences in the heathen land, left to visit her uncle, the Rev. George Ingram, pastor of the Walnut Avenue Presbyterian church, Trenton, prior to entering Oberlin college to finish her education.

Miss Ingram is only 16 years old and is considered a prodigy because of the ease and grace with which she addresses before audiences, giving addresses equal to those of missionaries of mature years. She was 9 years old when she went through the doctor’s office with her father, Dr. James Ingram, in the location building stage. She sewed sacks for sand bag defenses and never lost courage. Members of the besieged party said it was her faith and prayers that urged them to hold out until the allied armies came to the rescue. Miss Ingram intends to take a course in medicine after graduating from Oberlin and then return to China to assist her father.

Son as Father’s Nemesis.

Chicago.—Thirty-four years ago John M. Wiley, 305 Thirty-first street, left his wife and three children in Rintama, N. Y. Then he was a wealthy horse owner and breeder. Last week he was arrested on a serious charge preferred by his son, J. Burr Wiley, who had traced his father to Chicago, and found him not a wealthy man, but a poor cab driver. And the first glimpse he got of his long lost father was in the Harrison street station.

There was no joy in the meeting. The son said he had come here to avenge his mother, and that he will prosecute his father. The old man denies the charge.

Farmer Ploughs Up Big Skeleton.

Rochester, N. Y.—While plowing in a swamp in the western part of Steuben county, John Marsh, a farmer, unearthed parts of the skeleton of a monster animal. One tusk measured eight feet and part of another four feet. Ribs four and five feet long and as large as a man’s arm were dug up. Several of this animal’s teeth were found, including one tooth which weighed nine and one-fourth pounds. All of the bones were fairly well preserved.

FARMING FOR CITY CHILDREN.

Woman’s Ingenious Plan Which Has Been Successful.

The problem of how best to interest the children of a big city after school hours has been solved by a New York woman, according to the Broadway Magazine. She has started the city with a unique and ingenious plan, and despite objections more or less formidable, has put her theory into practice and has achieved a notable success.

Mrs. Henry Parsons has always contended that if you give a child some individual work to do, and some work that will not only be fascinating but instructive, you have no need to worry about the long idle hours that “Satan finds some mischief for,” as the old saw has it. Seeking around for some desirable work that would appeal to childhood, she hit upon farming. She secured a small piece of ground between Fifty-second street and the Hudson river and invited the school children to come and learn how to be practical farmers. Each child was given a small plot and was supplied with farming implements. The idea spread, and when the “school farm” opened the following year, Mrs. Parsons was almost swamped by the crowd of eager applicants for admission. Then the city authorities took cognizance of the scheme and voted funds from the exchequer to help the good cause. When the farm was started there were only a few little totlers with hoes and spades—nowadays there are several hundred young folks of both sexes busy at the school farm from the close of school till sundown.

ALL ACT LIKE MILLIONAIRES.

Europeans Astonished at Lavish Expenditure of Americans.

An American who has been spending the summer in Europe declared that his countrymen and countrywomen have spent more money abroad this year than in any season before and that they are continually discovering new methods by which it can be spent. “Europe has never seen as many American millionaires as she is seeing to-day,” he adds, “and they are all using the lavish hand.” This is really an extraordinary statement.

Probably there are to-day more American millionaires than ever before, and probably more of them have been in Europe, but they have not been missed at home. Nobody notices their absence. They are welcome in Europe, where everybody needs their money, and where they have time to devise ways in which they can spend it. All Americans who go to Europe, however, are apt to suspect that people who cross the Atlantic just to look around are of the capitalistic class. The American millionaires abroad are really but a small fragment of the great army of American tourists who, though having slender purses, spend their money with a freedom that Europeans regard as reckless.—Idea Press.

Trying Wounds.

“If you could see some of the victims of home treatment applied to,” said the young interne at Bolborne, “you’d wonder at the comparatively few cases of tetanus. If a playful mongrel pup snaps at you, the East Side knows that the only thing to do is to put some of the hair of the dog that did the biting—the hair must be from that particular dog—into the cut. They come with incisions reaching all the way up the arm—the direct cubsets from the garage, for instance, which are even more popular as a positive than those made of a chew of tobacco. Two boys came in recently the same day with cuts to which their butts had been bound down because, they explained, they don’t chew tobacco. You can’t convince the East Side that it’s wrong. Don’t waste time, but clean the wound thoroughly, pray for good luck and get out.”—New York Sun.

Why He’s Called Uncle.

“Want to get your overcoat out?” Mr. Brown asked.

“Then as he unwrapped the coat from its paper wrappings, he pointed to a steel hook of antique aspect that hung above a mirror.

“That’s a curio,” he said. “It is an old pawnbroker’s hook, an article used by all our craft in the seven-teenth century. Counters, to prevent theft, were wide then, twice as wide as now, and what you extended over those wide counters the broker hooked in with this instrument.”

“The hook, which was once as much our badge as the three balls, gave rise to the expression ‘uncle’ as connected with the pawnbroker. The Latin for hook, you know, is uncius. Uncius—uncle, see!”

Yellow Jackets Fruit Pest.

Yellow jackets are proving a great pest to fruit growers this year in the territory tributary to Tacoma, Wash. They first attacked red raspberries in a ravens way and then, as the numbers increased they began devouring blackberries. Now they are working on apples and plums. One man said he counted nine yellow jackets on a single plum. It has been suggested by some that the absence of hawes during dry seasons compels the yellow jackets to seek their material for food supply in fruit.

More Prosperity.

“What are you doing now?”

“Gone into bee culture.”

“How’s business?”

“Humming.”

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS